Beast', tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrhus*, hee
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion.
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anone the dread full thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune
In generall sinod take away her
Breake all the spokes, and folles
And boule the round naue dow
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers wit
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or h

Play. But who, a woe, had seen

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and
With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpo
Where late the Diadem stood, a
About her lanck and all ore-tear
A blancket in the alarme of fear
Who this had seene, with tongu
Gainst fortunes state would trea
But if the gods themselues did s
When she saw *Pirhus* make mal
In mincing with his sword her h
The instant burst of clamor that
Vnlesse things mortall mooue th
Would haue made milch the bu
And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not
in's eyes prethee no more,

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee s
good my Lord will you see the
heare, let them be well vsed, fo
Chronicles of the time; after y
bad Epitaph then their ill report

Pol. My Lord, I will vse the

Ham. Gods bodkin man, m
desert, and who shall scape wh
honour and dignity, the lesse
in your bounty. Take

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weel

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